

Production No. 7F02

**The Simpsons**

"SIMPSON AND DELILAH"

Written by

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Created by  
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TABLE DRAFT

Date 3/21/90

**"SIMPSON AND DELILAH"**

Cast List

HOMER.....DAN CASTELLANETA  
MARGE.....JULIE KAVNER  
BART.....NANCY CARTWRIGHT  
LISA.....YEARDLEY SMITH  
TV HOST.....HARRY SHEARER  
TV CONTESTANT.....NANCY CARTWRIGHT  
GOOD LOOKING MAN.....DAN CASTELLANETA  
ANNOUNCER.....HARRY SHEARER  
PATTY/SELMA.....JULIE KAVNER  
DR. BOYLE.....HARRY SHEARER  
LENNY.....HANK AZARIA  
CARL.....HARRY SHEARER  
ANOTHER WORKER.....HANK AZARIA  
MR. WINFIELD.....HANK AZARIA  
MRS. WINFIELD.....PAMELA HAYDEN  
MAN IN CAR.....HANK AZARIA  
BARNEY.....DAN CASTELLANETA  
OTHER RUNNER.....HARRY SHEARER  
JAKE.....HARRY SHEARER  
BURNS.....HARRY SHEARER  
SMITHERS.....HARRY SHEARER

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WOMAN APPLICANT.....PAMELA HAYDEN  
KARL.....HARVEY FIERSTEIN  
SINGING DELIVERYMAN.....DAN CASTELLANETA  
EXECUTIVE #1.....HANK AZARIA  
EXECUTIVE #2.....PAMELA HAYDEN  
EXECUTIVE #3.....HARRY SHEARER  
MILHOUSE.....PAMELA HAYDEN  
LEWIS.....JO ANN HARRIS

Simpson and Delilah

by

Jon Vitti

FADE IN:

INT. SIMPSON HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - EVENING

The Simpsons are gathered around the TV, watching a game show as they finish their corned beef hash and mashed potatoes. PATTY and SELMA are on the couch with HOMER. Maggie is in her high chair, pointing the TV remote control into her eye and clicking the buttons. BART and LISA have left their dinners half-eaten; Bart is mashing his food into a big pile.

MARGE enters, carrying a tray of tall dessert cups filled with multi-colored layers of pudding with whipped cream on top. She hands cups to Bart and Lisa, who grab at them hungrily and slide their dinner plates into the corner of the room, where SANTA'S LITTLE HELPER licks the plates clean. Patty and Selma look at their plates and stop eating.

TV HOST (V.O.)

The capital of North Dakota is named  
after what German ruler?

Homer **SPUTTERS** and waves his hand dismissingly, as in "How could they ask such an easy question?"

HOMER

Hitler.

MARGE

Hitler, North Dakota?

PATTY/SELMA

Bismarck.

TV CONTESTANT (V.O.)

Bismarck.

A BELL sounds.

BART

Thanks for playing, Homer. We  
have some lovely parting gifts  
for you.

HOMER

Hey, I'm still beating you, boy.

BART

Wow, you're beating me. Real  
tough.

TV HOST (V.O.)

The colors of the Italian flag are  
red, white and what?

HOMER

Yellow! White!  
Black! Green!

BART

Blue! Orange!  
Red! Purple!

PATTY/SELMA

Green.

TV CONTESTANT (V.O.)

Green.

The BELL sounds.

HOMER

I was right.

PATTY

(TO SELMA) Even a stopped clock's  
right twice a day. (BOTH CHUCKLE)

TV HOST (V.O.)

Well, the last category left is  
etiquette...

HOMER

(MOUTH FULL) Eti-what?

TV HOST (V.O.)

... and we'll get to it right after  
this important message.

A commercial comes on the TV. It shows a GOOD-LOOKING MAN  
with thinning hair walking along a beach.

GOOD-LOOKING MAN (V.O.)

I used to think losing my hair was as  
inevitable as the tides. Then I found  
out about dimoxinil, the new miracle  
breakthrough in hair regrowth.

HOMER

(GASPS) Miracle breakthrough! Did you  
hear that, Marge?

GOOD-LOOKING MAN (V.O.)

The odds are dimoxinil can help me grow  
as much, or as little, hair as I want  
to. Hey, today I'm gonna do it.

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

For your free brochure, send five  
dollars to: Dimoxinil, 458 Hair Plaza,  
Hair City, Utah.

Homer is entranced.

HOMER

(WISTFULLY) Hair... hair... Just like  
everybody else.

PATTY

(TO SELMA) Listen to him ramble.

SELMA

(TO PATTY) No fool like an old fool.

**INT. SIMPSON HOUSE - BATHROOM - EVENING**

Homer cleans out his medicine cabinet, tossing out bottles marked "NuGro" (which is in the shape of the medical symbol for masculinity), "U Wanna B Hair-E", "BaldBuster", "Ulan Bator Formula", "Gorilla Man Scalp Blaster", "Hair Chow", and "HairMaster". Marge is watching at the door.

HOMER

I'll march right into the Quick-E-Mart  
and say, "Give me the biggest styling  
brush you got!"

MARGE

You know, some women find bald men  
quite virile.

HOMER

Pfft. Virile. Who wants to be virile?  
Marge, weren't you listening? This is  
a miracle breakthrough. Not one of  
these cheapo sucker deals.

He holds up a bottle to illustrate his point.

**INT. SPRINGFIELD MALL - NEXT DAY**

Moving very nonchalantly, Homer walks up to an office marked "SPRINGFIELD HAIR CLINIC. Dr. Harry Boyle, specialist in: Hair loss, varicose veins, skin peels, collagen injections, warts and fungus, tattoo removal, rashes, hives, yeast infections and liver spots." Below the sign is a four-stage picture display of a man who starts out with acne, moles, no hair and a big frown and winds up with a clear complexion, lots of hair and the biggest smile you ever saw. Homer enters the shop. DR. BOYLE stands behind the counter.

HOMER

I'd like some dimoxinil, the new  
miracle breakthrough in hair regrowth,  
please.

The doctor takes out a big bottle of dimoxinil.

DR. BOYLE

That will be one thousand dollars, sir.

HOMER

(CHOKES) A thousand bucks?

DR. BOYLE

(CONTINUING TO TAKE OUT PARAPHERNALIA)

Well, the price includes the Dimoxinil  
Action Set: a six month supply of the  
drug, gravity boots, scalp massager and  
tee shirt.

The Tee shirt says "I (Heart-shape) Dimoxinil". The heart  
has hair growing on it.

DR. BOYLE (CONT'D)

Everything you need for your dimoxinil  
regimen.

HOMER

But I can't afford that.

The doctor takes out a bottle of "Hair In A Drum" marked  
\$19.95.



DR. BOYLE

Well, we do have a product which is more in your price range. However, I assure you any hair growth you experience while using it will be purely coincidental.

HOMER

Oh, of all the rip-off -- screw job -- gyp joint... (CRYING) forget you, pal! Thanks for nothing!

Homer storms out, opening the door with a big shove.

**INT. NUCLEAR POWER PLANT - CAFETERIA - DAY**

Homer is sitting at a table with LENNY and CARL. They are eating fish sticks, dipping them in tiny cardboard cups of tartar sauce.

HOMER

So I say (TOUGH VOICE) "Forget you, pal! Thanks for nothing!", and I storm right out of there.

LENNY

That's telling him, Homer.

Homer uses the last of his tartar sauce. He turns the cup inside out and wipes it on a fish stick.

HOMER

(ANNOYED GRUNT) Out of tartar sauce. Hey Lenny, are you gonna use all your tartar sauce? Carl? Dry fish sticks. This sucks.

Three annoying BUZZERS sound.

CARL

Well, back to work.

LENNY

Was that an hour?

We PAN with Homer, Carl and Lenny as they walk GRUMBLING as they walk to their work area, heading straight for the coffee stand. There is a change box next to it and a sign reading, "Honor System - Coffee refills 25 cents." During the following, Lenny fills a cup and puts a quarter in the box, as does Carl.

HOMER

A thousand bucks! That stuff must be  
great! It's no fair.

Homer looks both ways, fills his cup and does not put a quarter into the box.

LENNY

Hey Homer, don't be a sap all your  
life. Just fill out a few forms  
creatively and charge it to the  
company.

HOMER

But that would be dishonest.

LENNY

Well, you didn't pay for your coffee.

(POINTS TO SIGN) What about the honor  
system?

HOMER

They got the honor, and I got the system. (CHUCKLES) But, a thousand bucks... Burns would can my butt in no time flat.

LENNY

Ooooh, a thousand bucks. So what? To Mr. Burns, that's one less ivory back scratcher. To you, it's no more guys callin' you shinehead.

CARL

And chrome dome.

LENNY

And Kojak.

CARL

And cue-ball.

HOMER

You're right. I'm through being a hypocrite. If I'm gonna steal twenty-five cents worth of coffee, I might as well steal a thousand bucks for dimoxinil.

**INT. SPRINGFIELD MALL - DAY**

Homer is again at Dr. Boyle's counter.

HOMER

I was wondering... if maybe I could  
charge dimoxinil to my health  
insurance?

Dr. Boyle puts his hand over a security camera.

DR. BOYLE

You wearing a wire?

HOMER

No.

DR. BOYLE

All right. You don't look like a cop.

Come with me.

Dr. Boyle leads Homer into his back office. As triumphant  
**MUSIC** plays, we see a montage:

A. In a dimly-lit back room, Dr. Boyle signs an  
authorization form and shakes Homer's hand.

B. Homer proudly strides out of Dr. Boyle's office carrying  
a bottle of dimoxinil. He kisses it.

C. Homer in the Simpsons' bathroom, massaging the dimoxinil  
into his scalp.

D. Homer hanging upside down in a pair of gravity boots.  
Marge applies a massager to Homer's scalp. They exchange  
smiles.

E. Homer puts a nightcap over his still-bald scalp as he  
gets on his knees next to his bed.

HOMER

(PRAYING) Hey, big guy, I know this seems like a petty request, but, hey, you got that big white beard and that glorious head of hair down to your shoulders like Michael Landon. All I'm asking is for you to share the wealth.

DISSOLVE TO:

**INT. SIMPSON HOUSE - MASTER BEDROOM - MORNING**

Homer wakes up and walks into the bathroom. He opens the medicine cabinet, takes out a bottle of green mouthwash and takes a big swig. As Homer, **HUMMING**, swishes the mouthwash around in his mouth, he takes off the nightcap. A thick mop of brown hair falls out. Homer has curls down to his shoulders. Homer **GASPS**. His jaw drops open and the mouthwash runs down his chin.

HOMER

(WHISPERS) I have hair!... (LOUD) I have hair!

Homer runs out of the room.

**EXT. SIMPSON HOUSE - CONTINUOUS**

The door bursts open and Homer flies out, still in his pajamas. He bounds down the walkway and runs down the street. Morning is breaking, birds are **SINGING** and church bells are **RINGING**.

HOMER

I have hair! Look! Look!

**EXT. WINFIELD'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS**

OLD MAN WINFIELD and MRS. WINFIELD are seated on the porch. Homer runs by in his pajamas. They wave to each other.

HOMER (CONT'D)

(SHOUTS) Good morning, Springfield!

Good morning, Mr. and Mrs. Winfield!

MR. WINFIELD

(SHOUTS) Morning!

MRS. WINFIELD

Young Bart Simpson is certainly growing  
up fast, isn't he?

**EXT. SPRINGFIELD - MAIN STREET - CONTINUOUS**

Homer runs down the street, waving and shouting to people.

HOMER

Good morning, statue of our town  
founder!

A man waiting in traffic leans out his car window.

MAN IN CAR

Why don't you get a haircut, you  
hippie?

Homer stops and kisses the man.

HOMER

I've been waiting twenty years for  
someone to tell me that!

Homer stops and bangs on the window of Moe's Tavern. The  
regulars, including BARNEY, have already started drinking.

HOMER (CONT'D)

Good morning, Moe's Tavern!

BARNEY

It's the President!

**EXT. FIRST CHURCH OF SPRINGFIELD - CONTINUOUS**

Homer runs by and waves as REV. LOVEJOY is leading a funeral procession bringing the casket to a waiting hearse.

HOMER

Good morning, everybody! Isn't it a wonderful morning?

MOURNERS

Good morning!

**EXT. SPRINGFIELD ELEMENTARY SCHOOL - CONTINUOUS**

Homer is running home when another yell stops him.

OTHER RUNNER (V.O.)

Good morning, everybody! Good morning!

Another man appears, also in his pajamas, also with long hair. He stops when he sees Homer. The two men point at each other.

OTHER RUNNER (CONT'D)

Dimoxinil!

Homer and the Other Runner jump up and down and SCREAM victory screams.

**EXT. SIMPSON HOUSE - CONTINUOUS**

The sequence takes place in slow motion. Marge, Bart, Lisa, Maggie and Santa's Little Helper are waiting at the door. We see Lisa point down the street. The Simpsons see Homer as he runs toward them. Lawn sprinklers erupt in triumph as he goes by, forming a rainbow in the morning light. The Theme from "The Natural" PLAYS. Marge gasps and puts her hands to her face. Bart, Lisa and the dog slowly jump up and down, the kids pumping their fists in the air. Their yells to Homer are also mechanically slowed down.

BART

Yaaaaayyyyyyyyyyyyyyy,

Daaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaddddd!

LISA

Hoooooooooooooooooooooaaaaayyyy!

MAGGIE

(SLOWED-DOWN SUCK)

As Homer reaches the family, Santa's Little Helper jumps on him and Homer falls into the flower bed. Bart and Lisa pile on top of him and they roll in the dirt, laughing.

**INT. JAKE'S UNISEX HAIR PALACE - DAY**

Despite the name, Jake's Unisex Hair Palace is a dump. Homer walks in and is greeted by JAKE.

JAKE

Homer Simpson! You haven't been here in  
twenty years! Hey, you got rid of the  
sideburns.

Homer **CHUCKLES** and sits in Jake's chair.

HOMER

Gimme the usual.

**INT. SIMPSON HOUSE - EVENING**

Marge is sitting on the couch with Patty and Selma, showing them the bottle of dimoxinil.

MARGE

He's much happier at work and, just  
between us girls... well, he hasn't  
been this frisky in years.

Selma **SNORTS**.

PATTY

I don't want to think about it.

We hear the **DOOR OPEN**.



HOMER (V.O.)

Daddy's home, Sugar!

Marge rushes out of the room. Patty and Selma make faces as Homer and Marge AD LIB cooing, smooching and giggling. Marge lets out a shocked GASP.

MARGE (V.O.)

Homie, my sisters are here.

HOMER (V.O.)

Ah, dinner with three beautiful women.

I'm in heaven.

Homer and Marge enter. Homer has his hair cut in a big Roy Orbison-style bowl. Patty's and Selma's jaws drop. They preen themselves and rush over to him.

SELMA

This is Homer?

PATTY

Oh, my.

SELMA

Stop drooling, Patty.

PATTY

Look who's talking.

**INT. NUCLEAR POWER PLANT - DAY**

Homer walks up to the coffee machine and hangs up his hard hat, his hair popping out as he does so. Lenny and Carl are hanging around the machine. Homer looks both ways, then pours himself some coffee without putting any money into the honor system change box.

CARL

Hey, you're looking pretty snazzy these days, Homer. What'd you do, drop a few pounds?

LENNY

Yeah, you look like you got a tan or something.

ANOTHER WORKER

I know what it is... a new tie.

Homer **CHUCKLES**. The picture turns black and white and we PULL BACK to see we are watching a monitor.

**INT. NUCLEAR POWER PLANT - MR. BURNS' OFFICE - CONTINUOUS**

MR. BURNS and SMITHERS are watching Carl drinking coffee on a security monitor. As Smithers flicks from camera to camera, the monitor shows a series of workers gabbing, eating donuts or sneaking a smoke behind some machinery. Burns clenches his fists.

BURNS

Morons! Pathetic morons in my employ, stealing my precious money. This is hopeless! None of these cretins deserve a promotion.

SMITHERS

It's in the union contract, sir.

BURNS

Wait. Who is that young go-getter?

SMITHERS

Well, it sort of looks like Homer Simpson, only more... dynamic and resourceful.

BURNS

Simpson, eh? He's perfect: an unspoiled lump of clay to mold in my own image. Our new junior executive. Bring him to me.

INT. NUCLEAR POWER PLANT - WORK AREA - CONTINUOUS

SMITHERS (V.O.)

Attention employees: one of your lowly ilk has a chance for a better life.

Homer Simpson, you have been promoted.

A look of disbelief on Homer's face turns to joy.

HOMER

Wow, me an executive. Hey hey!

He takes his hat and flings it. It flies through the air and smashes a readout monitor. Sparks fly out. Homer does a victory dance.

SMITHERS (V.O.)

Report to the executive wing within five minutes, or you will be fired.

That is all.

Homer stops in mid-dance and runs across the plant floor, fists raised.

FADE OUT:

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

INT. NUCLEAR POWER PLANT - HOMER'S OFFICE - DAY

Homer is at his desk dressed in a baggy light green suit with a flower in the lapel. His hair has grown even bigger. He is interviewing a WOMAN APPLICANT, reading questions off a paper. The woman is making seductive faces at Homer.

HOMER

Well, your resume seems in order. Do you have any other secretarial skills I should know about?

WOMAN APPLICANT

I give great back rubs to harried executives. Let me show you.

She approaches Homer, but Homer stands up quickly and crosses to the door, opening it.

HOMER

(NERVOUSLY) No, no, that will be fine, thank you. I've got a wife who gives me back rubs. Well, she doesn't give me back rubs, but I do have a wife who, in theory, could give me back rubs. Anyway, the point I'm trying to make is, thank you, goodbye.

The woman exits, looking disappointed. The phone RINGS.

HOMER

(INTO PHONE) Hello?

MARGE

(INTO PHONE) Hello, Homie. How's my  
big important executive?

HOMER

(INTO PHONE) Oh Marge, every woman I  
interview for the secretary job makes  
kissy faces at me.

MARGE

(INTO PHONE) Oh, dear.

A young man walks into the room.

KARL

Hello, Mr. Simpson. I'm Karl.

MARGE

(INTO PHONE) Hire him. He sounds  
good.

HOMER

I'll call you back, Marge.

Smithers sticks his head in the door as Homer hangs up the  
phone. Homer cowers.

SMITHERS

Simpson! Meeting in the board room  
tomorrow at two. Just keep quiet,  
listen and learn. Got it?

HOMER

Yes, Mr. Smithers.

SMITHERS

And no personal phone calls.

Smithers exits.

HOMER

(MUMBLING TO HIMSELF) Thinks he's so  
big...

KARL

You don't belong here.

HOMER

Huh?

KARL

You don't belong here. You're a fraud  
and a phony and it's only a matter of  
time until they find you out.

HOMER

Who told you?

KARL

You did! You told me with the way you  
slump your shoulders, the way you avert  
my glance and talk into your chest, the  
way you smother yourself in bargain  
basement lime-green polyester. I want  
you to say to yourself: I deserve this!  
I love it! I am nature's greatest  
miracle!

HOMER

I... I deserve this.

KARL

Louder!

HOMER

I love it!

KARL

SHOUT IT!

HOMER

I AM NATURE'S GREATEST MIRACLE!

KARL

I'll need three weeks vacation and  
moving expenses.

HOMER

YOU GOT IT, BUDDY!

KARL

Let's go shopping.

**INT. SPRINGFIELD MALL - DAY**

We see Homer and Karl inside a store marked "Royal Majesty. For the Obese or Gangly Gentleman." There are eight-foot-high mirrors on the wall, along with very tall or extremely fat mannequins. One sign advertises "Belts: \$8.99 a yard"; another warns "You rip it, you buy it"; a chest-size conversion chart runs all the way up to "62-64....XXXXXXL". Homer takes a powder blue suit off the "2 for \$99" sale rack and shows it to Karl.

HOMER

Ooh. Beauty.

Karl snatches the suit away and puts it back on the rack.

KARL

A man's suit should make him feel like a prince, and captivate the imaginations of those around him. It should cry out to the world, "Here I am!" A bargain suit that does not do that is no bargain.

HOMER

So which do you like?

KARL

None of these suits will do. (CALLING TO CLERK) Sir, we need to speak with your finest tailor. And we are opening a charge account.

DISSOLVE TO:

Soon after, Homer is in his underwear and socks. A TAILOR is measuring his inseam.

HOMER

Ooh, I like this.

KARL

Style is an elegant way of living that distinguishes persons of taste.

HOMER

Say the quality one again.

KARL

Quality is what separates the magnificent from the mediocre.



HOMER

That's my favorite.

**INT. JAKE'S UNISEX HAIR PALACE - DAY**

Jake is sitting in his chair reading the paper when Homer and Karl enter.

KARL

(TO JAKE) Sir, Mister Simpson paid you good money to style his hair. Your work was shoddy and amateurish. Something simple and dignified, please. (TO HOMER) I'll be next door buying some hosiery.

Karl exits.

JAKE

So, what is it you want, Homer?

Homer points to a black-bordered portrait of John F. Kennedy with the inscription "...Ask what you can do for your country. 1917-1963." It is hanging on the wall next to several photos of men modeling hairstyles.

HOMER

Give me one like that guy.

DISSOLVE TO:

Twenty minutes later, Homer has a John F. Kennedy haircut. Karl walks in with an array of knee-length socks and attached garters over his arm. Homer gives him a big smile.

HOMER

What do you think?

KARL

(TO JAKE) No. This will not be  
acceptable. (SIGHS) Give me the  
scissors.

Karl starts to cut Homer's hair. Homer looks disappointed.

**INT. SIMPSON HOUSE - KITCHEN - MORNING**

Marge is cooking breakfast, spraying her pan with a non-stick lubricant before pouring from a carton of pre-mixed pancake batter. She is **HUMMING** and has a daydreamy look on her face. The kids are at the table.

BART

(TO LISA) Mom and Dad have been  
smooching again.

Homer enters in an impeccably tailored three-piece suit, massaging his scalp. His hair is parted in the middle and slicked straight back. He checks his reflection in the oven door, licks his fingers and straightens out his eyebrow hair.

HOMER

Gotta run, Marge. Can't be late.

MARGE

Happy anniversary, Homer.

HOMER

(GASPS) Our anniversary? Are you  
sure?

MARGE

Don't worry, Homer. This year you have  
an excuse for not remembering, what  
with your job and --

There is a **KNOCK** at the kitchen door. Marge answers it. A man in a tuxedo stands outside.

MAN IN TUXEDO

Mrs. Homer Simpson?

MARGE

Yes.

The man hands her a bunch of heart shaped balloons marked "Happy Anniversary" and sings in a rich operatic tenor as two men bring in baskets of flowers.

MAN IN TUXEDO

(SINGING) You are so beautiful, to me!

You are so beautiful, to me! Can't you  
see? Can't you see?

MARGE

Oh, Homer!

Homer looks puzzled. The phone RINGS and he answers it.

HOMER

Hello?

KARL (V.O.)

(OVER PHONE) Mr. Simpson, it's Karl.

Ah, it sounds like they've arrived.

Wonderful.

HOMER

You did this?

KARL (V.O.)

(OVER PHONE) Yes, sir. I hope I didn't

overstep my bounds.

**ON MARGE**

She looks at Homer, misty-eyed.

MARGE

I love you, Homer.

ON HOMER

HOMER

I love you, Karl -- Marge.

INT. NUCLEAR POWER PLANT - BOARD ROOM - DAY

A group of executives, including Homer and Smithers, are seated along a table, waiting in silence. Mr. Burns is at the head of the table.

BURNS

Proceed, Smithers.

SMITHERS

Our first issue, sir, is our low productivity and record-high worker accident rate.

BURNS

(EXASPERATED WHEEZE) Any suggestions?

EXECUTIVE #1

A round of layoffs might wake up the idiots.

EXECUTIVE #2

We could put caffeine in the water cooler.

BURNS

Those are my ideas! You people don't think, you regurgitate. That's why I promoted someone who's in touch with the workers. You!

Burns points to the man next to Homer, who points to Homer.

EXECUTIVE #3

Not me. him.

BURNS

You then! How would you improve the worker situation?

HOMER

Well, sir, for one thing we had a problem every Tuesday, when the cafeteria would serve fish sticks.

BURNS

Fish sticks? What are you talking about?

HOMER

Well, sir, they cut the head off a fish and chop up the rest into sticks, and then put seasoned bread crumbs on them.

BURNS

I know what fish sticks are! Get to the point!

HOMER

Well, you only get this tiny little cup of tartar sauce to dip them in. I always run out.

SMITHERS

Will you stop wasting our time, Simpson?

BURNS

Shut up, Smithers. Can't you see what he's saying? A happy worker is a busy worker. Three cents worth of tartar sauce could save us thousands of man-hours in labor. I like the cut of your jib, Simpson. (PAUSES, TENTING HIS FINGERS) Let the fools have their tartar sauce!

INT. NUCLEAR POWER PLANT - CAFETERIA - DAY

It is fish stick day. The employees slide their trays past Homer, who is wearing an apron, plastic gloves and a hair net. He ladles big dollops of tartar sauce onto their plates.

HOMER

Enjoy it, boys! Enjoy!

The picture FREEZES and turns to black and white. We PULL BACK to reveal we are looking at a picture in a newsletter. The caption reads "Management Caves In To Condiment Outcry." We PAN UP to see we are looking at an issue of "'Current' Events: The Springfield Power Plant Employee Newsletter." The main headline reads, "Work Accidents Reach Record Low; Output up 15 percent." We PULL BACK and see we are:

INT. NUCLEAR POWER PLANT - BURNS' OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Burns and Smithers are looking at the newsletter.

BURNS

Brilliant. Who could have ever imagined that Simpson's sweeping reforms would pay off so quickly?

Smithers produces a computer printout.

SMITHERS

You know, sir, accidents decreased by exactly the number that Simpson himself is known or suspected to have caused last month. And our output level was just as high during Simpson's last vacation.

BURNS

My dear tired old Smithers, do I detect a note of jealousy?

Burns **CHUCKLES** as he reaches into his desk and produces a solid gold key.

BURNS (CONT'D)

It is time. Give Simpson the key.

**INT. NUCLEAR POWER PLANT - BATHROOM - DAY**

The camera moves through a doorway without a door, marked with both a man's and woman's silhouette, into the employee bathroom. Only one of the two fluorescent lights is working. There is a single toilet stall that costs a dime to get into; the old toilet has a chain leading up to the water tank. There is a trough on the wall, next to an old barrel marked with the radiation symbol that is overflowing with trash. There is water on the floor and the dirty cloth towel in the dispenser has been pulled down. We see two feet in the toilet stall and hear the **RUSTLING** of a newspaper as Karl and Smithers enter, holding the key.

KARL

Mr. Simpson, don't sit on that filthy thing one second longer! They've given you the key!

HOMER (V.O.)

(GASP) The key!

**INT. NUCLEAR POWER PLANT - HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS**

A group of executives is gathered around a door marked "Executive Washroom - Private" as Homer, Karl and Smithers approach. They AD LIB "He's got the key," "They gave him the key," etc.. Homer takes the key and opens the door. The executives peek in and AD LIB "Will you look at that," "Oh, Lordy!", "Hoo baby!", etc.. Homer, Karl and Smithers enter.

**INT. NUCLEAR POWER PLANT - EXECUTIVE WASHROOM - CONTINUOUS**

The antechamber to the washroom has Roman columns, plush red carpeting, a portrait of Mr. Burns on the wall, a potted tree in the corner and a well-stocked magazine rack. An elderly shoe shine man sits in the corner next to a sign reading "No Tipping Allowed." A hidden stereo system softly plays Bach's *Air on the G String*. Sunlight streams in from a skylight. There is a stained glass window. Twin sweeping marble staircases lead to the oak toilet stalls.

HOMER

This is the most beautiful place I've  
ever been allowed in.

KARL

Stunning. Absolutely stunning.

A FLUSH comes from O.S. and Burns emerges from the washroom. Burns descends the staircase.

BURNS

Hey ho, men. I was watching the DuMont  
last night and happened to catch a  
fascinating documentary on Rommel, the  
Desert Fox. Now there's a man who  
could get things done.

During the above, Burns has washed his hands.

BURNS (CONT'D)

Towel please, Simpson.



SMITHERS

Allow me, sir.

BURNS

I said, Simpson!

HOMER

Sure thing, Mr. Burns.

Homer dries Burns' hands with a towel.

BURNS

Well done, Simpson. Now, walk behind me  
down the hallway.

Burns exits, Homer and Karl behind him. Smithers stays  
behind, his face contorting with rage.

DISSOLVE TO:

**EXT. NUCLEAR POWER PLANT - ESTABLISHING - EVENING**

The large cooling towers bathe the plant in red light. We  
ZOOM IN on one light blazing in the executive building.

**INT. NUCLEAR POWER PLANT - CONTINUOUS**

The light from the personnel office streams into the  
hallway. Smithers is in the office. He has taken Homer's  
file out. He pulls out a picture of a bald Homer. He  
makes a puzzled GRUNT, then finds the insurance form  
requesting money for dimoxinil. Homer has scrawled in the  
explanation area "Keep brain from freezing." A malevolent  
smile spreads across Smithers' face.

SMITHERS

Now I've got you, Simpson.

He CHUCKLES a sinister chuckle, his face glowing red from  
the light outside.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

INT. SIMPSON HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - EVENING

The family is gathered around Homer, who is showing them an artist's rendering and blueprints for a gigantic deck that would cover 90 percent of their backyard and a fence that would completely surround the yard.

HOMER

And this is the barbecue pit, and  
here's the gas grill, and here's the  
charcoal grill. And an eight-foot-high  
cedar fence all around.

MARGE

Homer, between your hair care products  
and new wardrobe, we're not putting  
anything away. Can't we save something  
for a rainy day?

HOMER

Pfft. Rainy day. There's not gonna be  
a be a rainy day, Marge! Lisa, read  
your mother one of the letters.

Lisa runs over to a stack of letters and picks one out.  
Homer settles back to listen, massaging his scalp.

LISA

Dear prospective cardholder: As a  
preferred customer, you expect the same  
high standard of performance from  
others you demand from yourself.

HOMER

That one's from the guys who  
repossessed the dishwasher.

MATCH DISSOLVE  
TO:

INT. NUCLEAR POWER PLANT - BURNS' OFFICE - DAY

Homer is now sitting with a worried expression, watching Mr. Burns, who has the change box from the employees' coffee service opened on his desk, with the coins stacked neatly. He weighs a can of coffee as he talks.

BURNS

Let's see, ten ounces of coffee, that's  
twenty six cups, so we should have six  
dollars and fifty cents and what we  
have is five, six dollars and twenty-  
five cents. DAMN IT! When I get my  
hands on the miscreant filching my  
coffee...

HOMER

(NERVOUSLY) Yeah, it's a den of  
thieves down there, sir.

BURNS

But productive thieves they are, thanks  
to you. Which is why I've summoned you.  
I want you to weave that Simpson magic  
with my executives. A short speech,  
work work work, you know.

HOMER

A speech? I'm not sure, Mr. Burns.

BURNS

Play ball with me, Simpson, and I will make you rich beyond the dreams of avarice. Defy me, and ye shall come to envy the dead.

HOMER

Uh, well, what the hey?

BURNS

Excellent. Simpson, I think it is time you received... the other key.

He reaches into his desk and produces a key. Homer takes it, awestruck.

HOMER

(GASPS) The other key! Oh, thank you, Mr. Burns, thank you!

Homer bows his way to the door. As he leaves, he passes Smithers entering. Smithers grins at Homer as he closes the door.

SMITHERS

Mr. Burns, it is my sad duty to report that one of your executives has bilked the company insurance plan out of a thousand dollars.

BURNS

What! Blast his hide to Hades!

(BITTERLY DISAPPOINTED) And I was going to buy that ivory back scratcher! How did he do it?

SMITHERS

He charged the company for dimoxinil.

It's a baldness cure.

BURNS

Thank you very much, Professor Science!

I know what dimoxinil is. Now go and

make an example of this hooligan.

SMITHERS

With pleasure, sir.

Smithers starts to leave.

BURNS

Oh, and Smithers... do you notice

anything different about me?

SMITHERS

Um, no, sir.

BURNS

Hmmm. Very well. Carry on.

Smithers exits. Burns takes out a mirror and examines his scalp. He takes out a bottle of dimoxinil and starts to massage it in.

BURNS

Grow, I say! Grow, I command you!

**INT. SIMPSON HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY**

Marge is scrubbing pots when the phone **RINGS**.

MARGE

Hello?

HOMER (V.O.)

(OVER PHONE) Marge! Marge! Guess where  
I am!

MARGE

Where, Homer?

INTERCUT:

EXT. STREET - CONTINUOUS

Homer is in a very large luxury car, speaking into a car  
phone.

HOMER

I'm in my car! My new company car! A  
Town Cruiser LX 5000i -- it's the  
Rolls-Royce of automobiles. And I'm  
talking on my car phone!

MARGE

(OVER PHONE) Oh, Homer!

A car cuts off Homer's in traffic. Homer hits the BRAKES.

HOMER

You stupid lummox!

MARGE

Homer, take that back!

HOMER

No, honey, not you. Just wait till you  
see it: tinted glass, landau roof,  
power everything. It gets six miles to  
the gallon.

The light turns green, but the car in front of Homer  
doesn't move.

HOMER (CONT'D)

Get moving, ya horse's behind!

MARGE

All right, Homer.

She hangs up the phone and resumes scrubbing the pots with increased vigor.

HOMER

No, Marge!

INT. NUCLEAR POWER PLANT - HOMER'S OFFICE - DAY

Karl is typing at a superhuman rate when Homer enters, nattily attired in a broad-brimmed hat and camel hair coat.

HOMER

Karl, you gotta help me. Mr. Burns wants me to make some speech to his executives and -- what do you want?

Smithers enters behind Homer, holding his file.

SMITHERS

Just thought I'd drop by to tell you that... you're fired.

HOMER

What?

As Homer and Karl look on, stunned, Smithers hands Homer the file. Karl grabs it away and reads it.

SMITHERS

Our company does not look kindly upon insurance fraud. Clean out your desk by noon, Simpson.

Smithers starts to leave.

KARL

Wait! (PAUSE) I did this.

HOMER

Karl! What?

KARL

Mr. Simpson was unaware of any  
impropriety. I take full  
responsibility.

SMITHERS

(DISAPPOINTED) Well then, you're fired.  
Hey, what do you care if this guy's  
bald?

KARL

(WRITING CHECK) My reasons are my own.  
Here are your thousand dollars.

Karl hands Smithers the check.

KARL (CONT'D)

I trust there will be no need for the  
police.

HOMER

Police?!

Smithers **GRUMBLES**, takes check and leaves. Karl slumps for  
a second, then places his canvas book bag on top of his  
desk and begins to empty out the drawers.



HOMER

Karl, I don't know how to thank you.  
Taking the rap for me, paying the  
thousand dollars out of your own  
pocket.

KARL

Well, I was hoping you would reimburse  
me.

HOMER

Oh, yeah, sure. (TAKING WALLET OUT)  
Here, I need to write you a check for  
the rest. Don't cash it for a couple  
of months, okay?

Homer embraces Karl.

HOMER (CONT'D)

Oh, Karl. I'm gonna miss you.

KARL

Don't worry, Mr. Simpson. I have a  
long-standing job offer from an ex-  
President of the United States.

**EXT. STREET - EVENING - CONTINUOUS**

Homer is driving home, talking to himself.

HOMER

(NERVOUSLY) Okay, okay. You're broke, you don't have Karl anymore, but you've got your hair. It's all about hair. And you've got it.

**INT. SIMPSON HOUSE - MASTER BEDROOM - EVENING**

Bart sneaks into the room and creeps over to Homer's vanity table, which is overflowing with creams, oil treatments and hair tonics. He pokes around until he finds the bottle of dimoxinil. He opens the bottle and stares into the mirror.

DISSOLVE TO:

**EXT. SCHOOLYARD - DAY**

LEWIS and MILHOUSE are sitting on a wall, dangling their feet.

BART (V.O.)

What's happening, cats?

Bart enters. He has grown a full brown beard, and carries bongo drums under his arm. Beatnik **FLUTE MUSIC** plays.

MILHOUSE

No way!

LEWIS

It's gotta be a fake!

They tug on the beard. It holds firm.

BART

It's like, realsville, squares. Dig?

MILHOUSE AND LEWIS

We dig.

BART

Groovy.

Bart walks off, snapping his fingers.

DISSOLVE TO:

**INT. SIMPSON HOUSE - MASTER BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS**

Bart smiles at his fantasy, pours some dimoxinil into his hand and starts to rub it on his face. Marge appears in the doorway.

MARGE

Bart, what are you doing?

Bart gives a startled **YELL** and drops the bottle of dimoxinil. It pours out onto the carpet. Homer appears in the door.

HOMER

Marge, I've got to tell you some-

-

He sees the spilled bottle and **SHRIEKS**. He runs over and starts rubbing his hands onto the wet carpet and then onto his scalp, **SOBBING**.

MARGE

Homer, why don't you just call the pharmacy--

HOMER

I don't have a thousand bucks! But you do, don't you, Marge? You've been squirreling it away, haven't you? Saving it for a rainy day, that's what you said, right?

MARGE

Homer!

Homer starts to **CRY** and rubs his head directly against the carpet. Lisa and Bart are standing in the doorway.

LISA

(TO BART) Dad is taking this in a less  
than heroic fashion.

EXT. SIMPSON HOUSE - NIGHT

MATCH DISSOLVE  
TO:

EXT. SIMPSON HOUSE - MORNING

INT. SIMPSON HOUSE - MASTER BEDROOM - EARLY MORNING

We start on a shot of Homer's pillow. It has many hairs on it. We TRACK along the floor, following a trail of hair to the bathroom. We PAN up past Homer's feet, past a brush full of hair and, with a musical STING, we see Homer in the mirror, as bald as ever. Marge stands next to him.

MARGE

Oh Homer, I'm so so sorry.

Homer SHUDDERS.

INT. NUCLEAR POWER PLANT - HOMER'S OFFICE - EARLY MORNING

Wearing a hat pulled down to his ears, Homer skulks along the empty hallways, then ducks into his office. He finds Karl, wearing a tennis outfit with an ascot and loafers and no socks, holding an envelope.

HOMER

Karl! What are you doing here? I told  
you not to cash that check for a couple  
of months.

KARL

I just came to say goodbye to the gals  
in the typing pool. Is your speech  
ready?

HOMER

I can't give a speech, Karl. Look at me.

Homer removes his hat, exposing his bald head.

KARL

I guess I haven't taught you anything.

HOMER

What do you mean?

KARL

Don't you see? The tartar sauce, the bathroom key -- you did it all! It was never the hair. You did it, because you believed you could. And you still can.

HOMER

I can?

KARL

I know you can. Here, I took the liberty of preparing a few notes for your speech.

HOMER

You're too good for this earth, Karl.

KARL

I know, sir.

**INT. NUCLEAR POWER PLANT - CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY**

The room is full of executives. Mr. Burns is on a stage at a podium next to a chalkboard.

BURNS

And now, with some fresh insights, one  
of the rising young stars of our  
nuclear family, Homer Simpson.

The executives **APPLAUD** as Burns steps down and sits next to Smithers. Homer walks out from the side of the stage. The applause peters out when they see Homer's bald head.

BURNS (CONT'D)

What in blazes? Who is that old man,  
and what has he done with Homer  
Simpson?

SMITHERS

(CHUCKLING) He is Homer Simpson, sir.

Burns stares, horrified, as Homer steps to the podium and starts his speech.

HOMER

A lot of you would think I was crazy if  
I did this.

He takes out a twenty dollar bill and sets it on fire.

BURNS

He's crazy!

HOMER

Yet we at this power plant are doing  
this every hour of every day. Bloated  
inventories, outmoded production  
methods -- I can save this company one  
million dollars a year.

As Homer speaks, we look at the audience members and hear their thoughts.

EXECUTIVE #1 (V.O.)

This bald man has no ideas.

EXECUTIVE #2 (V.O.)

If this is a joke, I'm not laughing.

EXECUTIVE #3 (V.O.)

Some nerve. Telling us how to run the plant. He doesn't even have hair.

SMITHERS (V.O.)

You're finished, Simpson.

People start to walk out on Homer. A series of DISSOLVES shows the room emptying as Homer speaks. Homer's chalkboard becomes more and more filled with numbers.

HOMER

The Japanese call it "Jishu Kanri," or self-management... the long term benefits more than offsetting the one-time cost... for a net savings of \$526,000.

Finally, the last man walks out. Homer stops speaking and slumps at the podium. Smithers re-enters.

SMITHERS

Mr. Burns' office. Right now.

Homer slowly walks off the stage past Smithers.

SMITHERS (CONT'D)

Nice working with you, Simpson.

INT. NUCLEAR POWER PLANT - MR. BURNS' OFFICE - DAY

Homer takes a seat before a glowering Mr. Burns.

BURNS

Well, well, well! Our dashing young junior executive! What do you have to say for yourself, you pathetic old fogey?

HOMER

Mr. Burns, I feel --

BURNS

I don't want to hear it, Simpson! You made a hollow mockery of our morning meeting. I should fire you on the spot.

HOMER

I know, I know.

BURNS

But I'm not going to. Instead, I'm giving you your old job back.

HOMER

Why?

BURNS

(BEAT) Simpson, how old do you think I am?

HOMER

I don't know... a hundred and two?

BURNS

I am only seventy nine. You may find this hard to believe...



Mr. Burns reaches into a drawer and lovingly takes out an album inscribed "Photo Memories". Sweet **SENTIMENTAL MUSIC** along the lines of the theme from "Peggy Sue Got Married" plays. Mr. Burns gently undoes the clasp on the cover and opens the album.

BURNS (V.O.)

...but in my salad days my crowning  
glory was a bright shock of strawberry  
blonde curls.

The camera PANS over a page of cracked, faded pictures of young Monty Burns. His curls are long and feminine. We see Monty in a dress on his mother's knee.

BURNS (V.O. CONT'D)

At university I starred in the junior  
class production of "The Pirates of  
Penzance". I didn't even need a wig!

A picture of Burns in a pirate costume dissolves to a production number in the play. Burns sashays around the stage as he sings. A number of other students dressed as brightly-colored pirates sing along.

BURNS

(SINGING) For I am the pirate king!

CHORUS

(SINGING) He is, hurrah for the pirate  
king!

BURNS

(SINGING) And it is, it is a glorious  
thing, to be a pi-rate king!

The image returns to the original poses and freezes.

BURNS (V.O.)

But in my senior year, I became as bald  
as a plucked chicken. My so-called  
friends in the drama society became my  
tormentors, humiliating me for sport!

A photo of a now-bald Burns reading at his desk comes to  
life. Four boys run into his room, take the blanket off his  
bed, and use it to toss Burns up into the air. The boys let  
Burns fall to the floor and run out. Teary-eyed, he returns  
to his desk.

BURNS (V.O. CONT'D)

I sought refuge in my studies, and  
there discovered the secrets of the  
atom, and with it my destiny.

As young Burns returns to studying, we see that his book is  
about atomic theory. Pressing fists to his temples, he  
rivets his attention to the book. We return to the office,  
where Burns gently closes the book.

BURNS (CONT'D)

Truly, neither you nor I was blessed  
with physical beauty, Simpson. In  
another reality, I might have called  
you "friend". But that would be  
madness. When next we meet, we meet as  
strangers. Can you possibly  
understand?

HOMER

I think so. Does this mean I have to  
give back the key to that nice  
bathroom?

BURNS

Yes. Yes, it does.

HOMER

I was afraid of that. (HANDS BACK KEY)

Goodbye, sir.

BURNS

Goodbye, Simpson.

Homer leaves. Burns looks small and alone in his office.

BURNS (CONT'D)

Goodbye... my friend. (WHISPERS) My  
friend!

**INT. SIMPSON HOUSE - MASTER BEDROOM - EVENING**

Homer and Marge are in bed.

HOMER

Marge, I don't understand. You're being  
so nice about this.

MARGE

Homer, I don't want you to ever feel  
that you have to change anything about  
yourself for my sake. I love you just  
the way you are.

Homer kisses Marge.

HOMER

Good night, Marge.

MARGE

Good night, Homer.

They close their eyes. Homer turns off the light. We hear  
the **RUSTLING** of sheets.

MARGE (CONT'D)

(FIRMLY) I said good night, Homer.

We see Homer's eyes staring into space.

FADE OUT:

THE END